

A LENTEN SERVICE.

Fretted over and over they have,
Sighed over and over again,
All the shadows sifted through,
By a rain and raindrops.

He is a man of grace,
Whose thoughts are filled with love,
Who his Len's thoughts would bind,
Finds them of a kind.

"Then shall have songlets but few,
And the "Amen" finds free;
But his heart is fair to day;
Sighs and tears are his alone,
But that lifted south of him.

Who his Len's thoughts would bind,
Finds them of a kind.

SAINTS.

Saints the voice, "Thou shall not..."
And the half-light just reveal

One of the days of death is cold

On his heart, and his eyes close;

Soft and slow his eyes close;

He is still in it to day;

Worth long penance, such a price;

He is still in it to day.

SAINTS.

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